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FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF EATON, Odd Fellows' Building.

Cash Capital, \$100,000

We do a general Banking business, in all its varied forms, receive deposits, buy and sell, exchange, and make collections, home or foreign, on reasonable charges.

JOSEPH A. DU RANG, Cashier. C. F. BROOKE, President.

JEWELRY.

C. G. SCHLENKER,

DEALER IN

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES!

(KEY AND STEM WINDING).

Gold Chains, Gold Rings, Neck Chains and Charms—Jewelry in all Styles;

SILVER AND PLATED TABLE-WARE,

OF THE BEST QUALITY;

Table and Pocket Cutlery.

CLOCKS,

Gold, Silver and Steel Spectacles,

And every other article generally kept in a First-class Jewelry Store.

Goods Warranted and Sold at Bottom Prices.

I KEEP A LARGE STOCK OF

FINE GOLD WATCHES AND CHAINS,

Which I will sell lower than ever offered before. Come and examine Goods and Prices before purchasing elsewhere.

Repairing Done Promptly, and Warranted to Give Satisfaction.

C. G. SCHLENKER,

Commercial Block, Eaton, Ohio.

Eaton, Jan. 30, 1879-ly

A. EDGAR HUBBARD,

Real Estate, Loan and Insurance Agent.

Eaton, Ohio,

REPRESENTS

Niagara Fire Insurance Company, of New York, Capital, \$1,500,000

Scottish Commercial Fire Insurance Company, of Glasgow, Scotland, Capital, \$2,500,000

People's Fire Insurance Company, of Newark, New Jersey, Capital, \$500,000

Phoenix Mutual Fire Insurance Company, of Cincinnati, O., Assets, \$300,000

Eaton is above all others as low as those of any other fire insurance companies. Loans honorably and promptly advanced, and all pay on by lightning, whether fire or marine. Agents for

Union Central Life Insurance Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio, Capital \$1,400,000.

Which Company makes loans on farm property to persons insuring with them.

OFFICE, AT THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK, EATON, O.

PREBLE COUNTY BANK,

At Eaton, Ohio.

CAPITAL, \$100,000.

H. C. HESTAND, ANDREW HIES AND, JOSHUA CAMPBELL,

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H. C. HESTAND & CO.

BANK OF DISCOUNT AND DEPOSIT

Deal in Government and County Bonds, Coins and Exchange.

Money to Loan on Liberal Terms. Interest Paid on Time Deposits. Mortgage Paper Negotiated.

Persons having good mortgages to sell, or wishing to purchase, can be accommodated. Foreign Exchange, or Letters of Credit, on all parts of Europe, can be obtained of us in any sum required.

The Business Management of the Bank is in charge of H. C. HESTAND, who will attend to all matters pertaining to the interests of the same.

ORGANS.

J. ESTEY & COMPANY,



BRATTLEBORO, VT.

Our new Organ, expressly designed for Sunday Schools, Churches, etc., is proving a GREAT SUCCESS.

Be sure to send for full descriptive Catalogue before purchasing any other.

THE LARGEST WORKS (OF THE KIND) ON THE GLOBE

Illustrated Catalogue sent free.

GRANDMOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

BY CLARA DOTT RATER.

Just seventy years ago A little baby smiled; And they gave the sweet old Bible name Of Hannah to the child.

She slept, so deep, such sleep As only falls on one That still have slept within their lids The light of passion.

No doubt the little hands Lay passive on her breast, As with the cradle lullaby, They hushed her to her rest.

Ah, what who could foretell What work those hands should do? How many they should help to lead Life's troubled maze through!

What never-faltering feet Their tender strength should take; What burdens for the first one year; What barriers help to break!

Scarcely a day or hour In all those long, long years, But they have lived more weary one, Or wiped some sufferer's tears.

Ah, who could foresee Upon that baby brow Where lay the dark and angry looks The crown of her new power!

Peace, as at first, is there; One single line of her hand seal Upon her forehead gleams.

The constant shade of pain Has dimmed, perhaps, the eyes, The light of passion.

Just seventy years ago, Since the little baby came, And now her children's children bless That sweet old Bible name.

A Duel With Bludgeons.

In the great city of M.—there was not a firm more respected than that of Goldwell, Pennycuik & Co., bankers.

Nobody knew much about the "Co.," but Goldwell was a familiar name which commercial fathers quoted to their clerks when urging them to be industrious, civil and punctual, in the sure hope of raising in the world; and Pennycuik was a name which was also quoted largely, but in a different way, for the owner had the reputation of being the keenest fish—the worst man to beat—of any in Lancashire.

There was not much similarity between the two partners, for Goldwell was handsome, kindly, generous and modest—a man of undeniable financial and administrative genius, too; whereas Pennycuik was ugly, cross, close-fisted and not particularly clever, but for the gentlemanly and spirited enterprise of Goldwell, his founder, yet it was Pennycuik who reaped all the honors pertaining to the high position it had secured. He was a member of Parliament, an Alderman of M.—he had been Mayor of the city, and had been knighted. He was, again, chairman or committee member of numerous charitable or learned societies, an honor Colonel of a rifle corps, and a member of the best clubs in London.

Goldwell was a member of nothing, chairman of nothing. He might have had all the honors which fell to Pennycuik, but he had constantly refused to accept anything. He gave liberally to charities, but would have no hand in managing them; he would not belong to any club; he declined to identify himself with either of the political parties, and did not even vote.

Though genial, and evidently fond of hospitality, he mixed as little as possible with society, and seldom accompanied his wife and daughters to the parties and gatherings which were given by the "Co." Some said that his health was bad (though there was no trace of it on his face), others that he was writing a work upon banking, which absorbed all his time after office hours. He was a true man, so that Mr. Goldwell was always able to plead his literary occupation in excuse for his apparent want of sociability. At all events, nobody suspected anything of the fact that Goldwell's mind; nobody would have believed that his aversion from society was caused by a dark page in his antecedents, of which he had been daily and hourly fearing the exposure for years.

Pennycuik suspected this less than anybody. He entertained a great respect, and even, in his crabbed way, some liking for his hard-working partner, who had never wronged or pained him by word or deed since he had begun business together. Pennycuik was pious; a great stickler for proprieties; a sharp detector of laches in his neighbors; and, to do him justice, he had never spared anything of his own. John Goldwell, therefore, it would have shocked and appalled him to the utmost had been witness of a scene which took place in his partner's study one winter evening, about a twelvemonth ago. The only actors in this scene were John Goldwell and a red-headed man of about fifty, an ill-clad fellow with cunning eyes, vulgar manners, and a breath that smelled of brandy.

"Now, sir, it's £1,000," said this fellow bluntly, but not loud. "You can afford to pay it, for you've got on better in the world than I have."

"And if I don't give you a penny?" exclaimed John Goldwell, who was ashy pale, and spoke with a quivering lip.

"You happen to know of an act of folly which I committed in my past life, and for which I suffered punishment. What can you expect by publishing it? You will not be believed five years from now, and you'll have lived long enough without a stain on my character; I won't intrude. I have intruded myself into no club or society from which I could be expelled if my antecedents were known. In that respect I am perfectly independent."

"That's right enough, sir," answered the red-headed man, dryly. "You've turned over a new leaf, and ain't known to anybody under your old name; still it might go a bit hard with you if it got about that you were John Williams who had been transported five years for embezzlement. What would your partner, Mr. Pennycuik, say to that? There's that pretty young lady of yours, your eldest daughter, who I hear is going to be married to the son of General Fennemore. What do you think the General would say if he knew you had been a convict?"

"Do you mean to say you would be so cowardly enough to wantonly break my child's happiness for the sake of wringing your spite on me?" cried John Goldwell.

"I want £1,000," answered the other doggedly. "You can't have it on a start in life, and you'll find it cheaper to do so than to quarrel with me."

John Goldwell uttered a moan. He was a lion in the power of a cur. He

catastrophe which he had dreaded all his life had come upon him, and just in the form that he had expected it—a demand for hush-money, with the prospect of being forever in the power of the man to whom he should have once yielded. His visitor was a fellow named Tom Dunne, who had once been a policeman, and had apprehended John Goldwell, alias Williams, when the latter had been in custody for fraud five-and-thirty years previously. Dunne had afterward become a detective, but had been discharged for the force of drunken misconduct. He was now, by his own account, living on his wife, and made a poor job of it. John Goldwell looked at the man, marked the leer in his eyes, the bloated condition of his face, the weak twitch of his lips, and perceived him to be an irreclaimable drunkard, with whom it would be folly to compound. To give him money would be like pouring water into sieve. In a moment Goldwell's mind was made up, and he resolved to resist; but wanting time to decide what steps he should take to get rid of his persecutor once and for all, he called the police to his aid. "You must give me time to consider your request," said he. "To begin with, I have not \$1,000 here in my private house."

"No; that is out of the question. Leave me your address, and I will write in two days to tell you what I have decided. Will you consent to that?" "Yes, that's what I want you to do," said Dunne eagerly, for he thought he saw a sign of yielding on Goldwell's face. He hastily wrote a note, and then he turned to go, with as he was "cleaned out," Goldwell gave him £5. "That will do, sir, for the present," said he, as he pocketed the money; "I'll let you have the £1,000. If you won't—"

"Very well," said Goldwell, interrupting him. "I will write and give you an appointment to go to me to-day."

Tom Dunne went out. When he was gone Goldwell paced the room for a few minutes, looking at his watch, and then he turned to the door, and unlocked it. He was determined to make a clean breast of it to the General Fennemore, an elderly officer of about fifty, who had been a friend of his father's, and who was now a general in the army.

He was not particularly imaginative or clever, but his impulses under all conceivable circumstances ran straight as an arrow. He had never been in love, and could not bear that anybody had transgressed with twirling up his mustaches in a significant manner, that seemed to say: "That man and I have been the last each other. I liked John Goldwell because he regarded him as a paragon among men of business, a man at once honorable and industrious; and he was glad that his eldest son was going to marry the daughter of the man who had been shot at, when the banker burst upon him and said: 'General I have a confession to make! Sit down, and I will tell you the whole story. I am a miserable man; but I give you my word that I was hardly responsible for my acts when I did the thing that brought me to my present position.'"

The boy to say, "I'll be an hour, and John Goldwell unfolded his wretched story. He had been clerk in a bank, when falling in love with some actress, he had spent for her more money than he could earn, and one day, to save her furniture from seizure (as he thought), appropriated some money entrusted to him, hoping to make good the amount before its disappearance was found out. Detected, he was immediately taken into custody, tried and sentenced to transportation without any extenuating circumstance being admitted in his favor. That was all he had to say, and yet he had repented of his folly in the deepest misery and sorrow, and had tried to make atonement for it by leading the most honorable life since he had come to M.—he had been a member of the House of Commons, and he was now a peer of the realm.

The General listened in silence. He was not an emotional man, but in him the spirit of justice predominated over every other sentiment. He glanced at Goldwell, saw his intense wretchedness, his wild, appealing glances, his evident despair. He cleared his throat and exclaimed, indifferently: "I'll be changed—this is a curious story. You say this scamp lives in B—street?"

Yes, in B—street. I have prevailed upon him to wait forty-eight hours for my answer."

"Well, leave me to deal with him."

"You, General? And may I hope that you will not suffer my guilt to be visited upon me?"

"Ahem—well, we'll see." The General looked fierce at that moment. "Call upon me to-morrow at this hour, and I'll tell you what I think of your communication. You say it's B—street. That's right; I've got it down. Good night."

John Goldwell walked out sad and anxious, and he sat down and wrote a few unsaid words upon a piece of paper, requesting Tom Dunne to meet a person who would bring £1,000, at half past five, at the office of M.—

When he had dispatched this missive, the General stepped up to a panoply of arms which adorned his study and took down two fowls. He examined them, and then he turned to the wall; he stood for a moment, head erect and weapon in hand, as if he had an invisible foe opposite him; but suddenly he threw down his fowl with a shrug of disgust. "I can't slay a sword on such a villain as that. A pair of bludgeons will do for this kind of game," and he proceeded to look out two stout walking-sticks from among several that stood in a rack in his hall.

Twenty-four hours later the rain was falling heavily over A—Park, when, toward seven in the evening, Tom Dunne made his way, with his drenched coat and creaking boots, toward a secluded part of that pleasure-ground. He was partially drunk, and muttered as he walked. He had a loaded revolver in the pocket of his great-coat, and growled to himself that he would "do" the body who tried to draw him into a trap. He was not at all sure that he was doing

a prudent thing in venturing out thus alone, but he had reasoned himself into a belief that John Goldwell would not dare to play tricks with him. Abruptly he halted, for he had run almost into the arms of General Fennemore, who was pacing about solitary, with a cigar in his mouth.

"Is your name Dunne?" asked the latter, throwing the weed away.

"Yes, sir," answered the detective with a start, for he fancied that he was being confronted by some superior police official.

"And you have come to fetch the £1,000?" proceeded the General.

"Yes, sir," replied Dunne, recovering a little courage.

General Fennemore drew from under his overcoat two heavy walking sticks loaded with lead and a canvas bag which seemed to be heavy. He flourished this last article under the nose of Dunne. "Look here, man," said he grimly: "this bag contains £1,000 in notes and gold; but before you take it you'll have to kill me!"

"You hear?"

"Yes, sir, kill me. See, I'm sixty-five, and apparently ten years older than you; so the chances are rather in your favor. Just take one of these sticks and strike me on the head, and I'll place nobody will be any the wiser; if I kill you, I'll just pitch you into yonder river."

Tom Dunne hesitated a moment, during which he measured the aged General from brow to foot. "If you wish it so, I'm game."

"Come on, then," answered the General, stamping his foot. And with two blows he smothered their lonely but resolute fight.

Next morning a dead body was found in the river, and it was found to be the corpse of a person who had been accidentally drowned. In the course of the day General Fennemore called on John Goldwell, and holding out his hand said: "I am glad to hear of your escape. My son loves your daughter, and that's enough for me. That rogue who played you won't do so any more. Now let's fix the wedding day."

The Emerald.

The Spaniards obtained large hoards of emeralds after the conquest of Peru, for the priests of the gods, who were the owners of the mines, and who were supposed to reside in an enormous emerald of the shape and size of an ostrich egg, gave out that she esteemed no offering so precious as emeralds, which she called "the tears of the sun."

The king of Spain issued a decree that he should receive one hundred weight, but many were destroyed on account of the Peruvian priest who had been killed, and the Spanish army persuading the soldiers that the test of their genuineness was to smite them with a hammer on an anvil.

The emerald of the same composition of emeralds, and the same was called "the tears of the sun." The king of Spain issued a decree that he should receive one hundred weight, but many were destroyed on account of the Peruvian priest who had been killed, and the Spanish army persuading the soldiers that the test of their genuineness was to smite them with a hammer on an anvil.

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